TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

Romantic Ballad

WORDS & MUSIC BY

RICHARD L. WEAVER

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TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

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RICHARD L. WEAVER, Opus 205.

Moderato con espressione.

There's a question ever new, Sweet-heart, I would ask of you, Will you
Now the birds as sweetly sing, Round the ever ever'd spring, As they
tell me once again the story dear, It's the theme of life's sweet song, As the
And I'm waiting here today, Fondly
ages roll along, Making shine when the clouds seem near, When I've
hoping you will say, That you love me as you did of yore, When I've

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days of "Auld Lang Syne," Those sweet days when you were mine, Many
trav'ld far and near, There was naught in life to cheer, All the
hours we pass'd together by the mill, world is shadow'd dearest without you. Time has chang'd us both since then, But I've
And for each fond joy a part, I've the
wan'der'd back again, For your answer that you love me still. longing in my heart For that dear old story ever new.
Chorus.
Tell me the old, old story, That you love me as of

Tell me the old, old story.
Others strive for fame and glory,
I'm content with your love forever.

more,
Time can never change you sweetheart,

With your eyes of violet blue,
I'm waiting to be told, The

story sweet and old, You love me still as I love you.

Tell me the old, old story. 3.
TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

( Melody in 2nd Tenor.)

1st Tenor. 

Tell me the old, old story, That you love me as of yore, 

2nd Tenor. 

Tell me the old, old story, That you love me as of yore, 

1st Bass. 

Tell me the old, old story, That you love me as of yore, 

2nd Bass. 

Tell me the old, old story, That you love me as of yore, 

Chorus arr. for Male Quartett by Rudolf Thaler.

glory, I'm content with your love ev' er more, Time can nev er change you sweet heart, 

ritardando. 

With your eyes of violet blue, I'm waiting to be told, The story sweet and old, You love me still as I love you. 

rall. e dim. 

With your eyes of violet blue, I'm waiting to be told, The story sweet and old, You love me still as I love you. 

Tell me the old, old story. 4.
When the Golden Grain is Waving, Mary Dear.

Words by ARTHUR LONGBRAKE.

CHORUS (with motion)

When the golden grain is waving I'll come back to you,
All my love I will be saving If your heart beats true,
Down the old mill road we'll wander To the mill that's standing near
When the golden grain is waving —

Mary Dear.

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